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DELIVERED IN

CHRIST CHURCH, HARTFORD, JULY 1, 1874,

BEFORE

THE HOUSE OF CONVOCATION

OF

Trinity College,

IN AFFECTIONATE COMMEMORATION

OF

THE REV. ABNER JACKSON, D.D., LL.D.,

LATE PRESIDENT,

BY

THE REV. WM. PAYNE, D.D.,

Rector of St. George's Church, Schenectady.

Hartford, Conn.: (W)

PRINTED FOR THE HOUSE OF CONVOCATION.

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MEMORIAL ADDRESS.

REV. DEAN,

AND BRETHREN OF THE CONVOCATION :

Our College completes, this day, the first half century of its history. The Charter was granted as early as May, 1823. The election of a President, however, was delayed till the following spring; and the Institution gathered no students, did not have its actual commencement, till a few months after—just fifty years ago.

This, then, is our Semi-Centennial. No trumpet has been sounded, no Jubilee appointed; but we cannot let the interesting moment pass by in forgetfulness and silence. We hail it with satisfaction and with pride. Our hearts warm with the memories it kindles, and with the hopes it inspires.

The little one has become a thousand. It has outgrown the expectations, and, perhaps I may say, the conceptions, of those who planted it amid difficulties and oppositions, and yet in faith and prayer. Among older and taller trees of the forest, which overshadowed the feeble sapling, it has quietly lifted up its head, and asserted its power and right to live. Nowhere has Christian learning found a more congenial

shelter, nor reached a higher cultivation. Noble men and true have lived, and taught, and prayed within those academic shades. "Heroic youth, warm from the school of glory," have gone forth to take their places in the ranks of life, and have won honored names in the nation and in the Church. And besides its own sons, we can point to many others whose affections have clustered around this home of scholars, and whose learning and eloquence and philanthropy have contributed alike to its fame and its fruits.

Surely, as we sum up the record, and now turn down the page, we may boast that it has not been written in vain. And we may open a new one, confident that, with God's continued blessing, the future story will be still more brilliant than the past.

But with such reflections mingle others not so jubilant. Young as the College comparatively is, not having reached even the full term of man's life, yet, like man's life, it has at no period been exempt from trials and bereavements. How many graves of early friends and beloved children lie along the wayside! Our illustrious Founder, the wise and good Bishop BROWNELL, has gone, together with three who succeeded him in the Presidency. Of all the Professors who began here with him, and of the whole original Board of Trustees, not one is left. About a hundred and thirty of the Alumni are on the necrological list; and of some even of the Undergraduates may be seen the affecting memorials on those Chapel walls.

It is a sad tale. But it would be sadder still did we not know that an Institution like this depends not for its existence upon any few men, nor upon any single generation of men. As the waters glide on, but

the stream is perpetuated by other currents which immediately flow in; so the members of a College are constantly disappearing, but the College itself continues to live in their successors.

This is one comfort. And another, far greater, springs from the hope we cherish, that those who have bequeathed to us their unfinished work are passed to a brighter and better country, in the light of which they walked while in this vale of their pilgrimage. We are still toiling on; but their journey is over, their feet rest in the glorious land.

Among that company of departed worthies reposes one, who was so long and so recently associated with these scenes, that we can scarcely realize he is gone. We look around for him—but in vain! He is not here! Alas! it is no dream—that funeral day, the bier on which loving pupils bore him from his College, the solemn ritual of the dead, the weeping friends, the regrets and lamentations of this whole city, when we laid him in his last bed! I came from my distant Parish that I might look once more upon his dear familiar face, and drop over his grave my humble tribute of tears. It was a melancholy privilege; and, as I thought, the last I should have to testify my undying affection for one who was linked to me by ties, tenderer and stronger than any outside of my own home-circle.

But now I am permitted, at the solicitation of the proper authorities, to lay another and more fitting offering upon the shrine of his precious memory. To speak of the gifts and virtues of a departed friend is always a grateful duty; and I should welcome it to-night, were it not for the consciousness of my inability

to meet your expectations. But I remember what Horace says in regard to poems, that "they need not be beautiful only; let them be affecting also—*dulcia sunt*." And so, though my words be poor, I may hope that, inspired by a long and deep love for him whose life and character I am to delineate, they will prove, if no more, a sweet and touching strain, and call forth some few echoes from the depths of your hearts.

More than forty years have rolled away since I first saw ABNER JACKSON. It was there, on that dear spot, when he presented himself for admission to our College. He was then twenty-one years old, having been born November 4, 1811, near Washington, Pennsylvania. He had already spent two years in a College there, and afterward taken charge of an Academy at Meadville. His purpose was to study law. But it became distasteful to him now that he was removed from some gay associations of previous years; and his heart, touched with a new sense of life's responsibilities, began to turn toward a different profession. Then a dawning love for the Church in which he was not born, and a desire to serve at its altars, brought him to Hartford, where his preferences and intentions could be best carried out. I need not say how much this, his Alma Mater, did for him, nor how abundantly, like a grateful son, he repaid, in after years, her motherly care and training. To him, perhaps, more than to any other one of her children, was given the privilege of serving and adorning the honored parent to whom we are indebted for our education, and all the advantages and blessings it confers.

A few of you who are here to-night, will recall with

me his personal appearance when he came. He was older and more developed than most of us. Tall, erect, and strongly built, he towered among us, like Saul among his brethren. He seemed a man, while we were only boys; and a man we found him, also, in mental and moral stature. He had already a large stock of wisdom; a clear sense of what is noble, just, and true; and great firmness of will, joined with much simplicity and gentleness of manner. It is pleasant to look back, "through the golden mist of years," to those early traces of the Good Spirit who led him, step by step, to what he afterward became. A life begun in purity and self-discipline will ever brighten with advancing age, and its days be "bound each to each by natural piety."

Dr. Wheaton was then President, and associated with him were those eminent Professors, Rogers, Holland, Totten, and Stewart. Of these, the last only survives, honored in the retirement of age with a well-earned *Emeritus* from the College and the gratitude and love of all who sat here at his feet. Among the Undergraduates there was a general, kindly intercourse; and as pleasant thoughts of it recur, I cannot help mentioning William Warren, of Troy, now dead; Rogers, of Hudson; Hitchcock, of Sharon; Tuttle and Jewett, of New Haven; Dewey, of Hartford; and Russell, also of this city, the beloved physician of Dr. Jackson, and with him in his last sickness. But in College life, as in that of the great world of which it is a miniature, there is always a clannish tendency. The members soon crystallize into societies, or sets, drawn to each other by common tastes or purposes. At that time such a group sprung up here—kindred

spirits, who were seen together in daily walks and in social visits to the city, and associated also in some small literary enterprises. It was such a set as has not often been gathered in those walls—Williams, the present Bishop of Connecticut; Bailey, the present Archbishop of Baltimore; Ashley, now Rector of St. Paul's, Milwaukee; Van Deusen, now Rector of Grace Church, Utica; Mallaby, a faithful Priest of New York; Joseph H. Thompson, now doctor of medicine, and a devout layman of the Church, of New Jersey; and a few others. Among them was our dear departed Jackson. His death makes the first break in that little circle. How strange that the one with the most health and strength should have fallen before us all; that his voice, always so full of life and hope, should be the first to speak to us from the tomb, that "the end draweth near!"

Throughout his College course our friend sustained the promise he gave at first. He might have entered in advance, but he preferred to begin with the Freshman Class, thus showing that love of thoroughness which always distinguished him. He was a strict observer of all laws and regulations, ardent and diligent in his studies, and, while conforming closely to the prescribed routine, fond of general reading and of indulging a taste for literature. At the same time, he attached much importance to physical education. No one was fonder of the sports and athletic exercises which were then in vogue. At wicket and boating, swimming and skating, Jackson was always foremost and best. Had he been an Undergraduate in these days, he would have headed our boat-club, and gone to Saratoga Lake, this summer, with a relish. Yet

none of these amusements were allowed to interfere with graver duties, as appears from the fact that he stood at the head of his class, and graduated with the highest honor in 1837.

A few months before, Dr. Totten had succeeded to the Presidency. He, too, has been numbered with our dead during the last year. Many before me will recall him with respect and affection, as an able professor in the College, and for eleven years its efficient head. He was born in Schoharie county, New York, and graduated at Union College, Schenectady, where he afterward served as Tutor, till called to the department of Mathematics at Trinity. On the resignation of Dr. Wheaton, he was elevated to the presidential chair, with which he united that of Rhetoric and Oratory. During his administration, Brownell Hall was erected, which was regarded as a great step in the progress of the College. I well remember the interest with which he watched over and directed the work. His early history was not unlike Dr. Jackson's; and there were some resemblances between the two men. Each possessed strong natural talents and practical wisdom, joined with uncommon physical strength and vigor. If the earlier President had the most acute and logical mind, our later one excelled him in a broader culture and greater grace and fascination of manner. "*Non omnia possumus omnes.*" We have gifts differing. To no one is accorded every talent. But to do well that which each has received the ability to do, is deserving of the highest encomium. That is our eulogy of Dr. Totten. He was single-minded, conscientious, straightforward, and heartily devoted to what he considered the best interests of the Institution over which he pre-

sided; and, when deprived of his services, it lost a President whom it will always hold in honor. After resigning, he became Professor of Rhetoric and Mental Philosophy in the College of William and Mary, Virginia; afterward, President of Iowa State University; then, Rector of St. John's Church, Decatur, Illinois; and finally, Rector of a Church seminary in Lexington, Kentucky, where he died. He witnessed many changes of fortune, and experienced many adversities; but they never soured his mind nor chilled the warmth of his heart. Under them all, his noble character grew more genial and lovely, as the gold is refined in the furnace. His last years were spent in unwearied discharge of duties to which he had consecrated his life, and in the service of the Church which gained an ever-deepening hold upon his affections; and his closing days, though clouded by terrors and sufferings that fall to the lot of but few, were cheerful and full of trust in his Almighty Redeemer. The Rector of the Parish in which he died—one of the ablest and soundest Churchmen of Kentucky*—thus concludes a beautiful tribute to his memory: "I shall miss him, my heart can only feel how sadly. For seven years we have been intimately associated together in almost daily intercourse—associated oftentimes in matters in regard to which men might naturally enough have sometimes differed. But differ I do not think we ever did. Certainly never, in all our intercourse, did one word pass between us that was not kind and kindly spoken. He was my senior by nearly thirty years, but so young and fresh were both his mind and heart, that the thought

* The Rev. Jacob S. Shipman.

of this disparity in age was not obtrusive. He was a faithful friend and true—one to whom I felt I could go and tell my thoughts with confidence. I am thankful that I knew him so well. I am thankful that when the mortal hour was fast approaching, I was privileged to minister at his bedside in the last sad offices of friendship and religion. Sacredly, while life lasts, shall I cherish his memory, and earnestly do I trust that, when the change which comes for all shall come for me, the friendship here begun may be renewed and strengthened there, where no second death shall ever come, and where partings shall be known no more forever.”

We must return, however, to those earlier days when Dr. Totten was our President. He saw in the young scholar, who had just graduated with such distinction, one whose talents and learning the College could not afford to lose. Mr. Jackson was, therefore, retained in the Institution, and here he continued for the next twenty-one years—first as Tutor, then as Professor, successively, of Ancient Languages, of Chemistry and Natural Science, and of Ethics and Metaphysics. But though providentially led in that direction, he did not lose sight of the main purpose for which he had come here, and at once began to study for Holy Orders. Dr. Jarvis, who had been connected with the College as Professor of Oriental Literature, had now become Rector at Middletown. His counsels were often sought by our friend, and by other candidates who were attracted round that eminent divine. It may be regarded, if not as the germ, at least as the forerunner, of the theological institution, which was some years later opened in the house of Dr. Jarvis by one

of those candidates, afterward his assistant, and which has developed into such a noble school of the prophets. Berkeley is the outgrowth of Trinity, and, through it, can be traced to the churchly influences of the good Bishop whose name it bears, and whose scheme of planting on these western shores a College for the education of Christian pastors has not proved an idle dream.

Mr. Jackson was ordained deacon at Middletown in 1838, but for obvious reasons did not receive priest's orders for several years. His employments at the College did not admit of his taking a parochial cure. But he often assisted his brethren, and supplied vacant parishes in the vicinity, and was always ready to respond to any call to such work. And wherever he officiated, his services were highly appreciated; and, doubtless, had he devoted himself to it, he would have taken high rank among those who have chosen the pastoral life. It was always very attractive to him; never did he quite give up his early dreams for it; and often, when with me in my quiet Parish, would he long for such "a garden of the Lord," and say, almost with a sigh, "*Hoc erat in votis.*"

Early in the period of which I am now speaking, Professor Jackson made his first visit abroad. After spending nearly a year in foreign travel, he returned with his mind enlarged and enriched, and gave himself afresh to his college duties. Over those days, however, I cannot linger. Indeed, they furnish little to record, save a monotonous routine of daily faithful work, marked by steady self-improvement in scholarship and character. No doubt they had their cares and trials; but these seemed never to disturb the even

tenor of his life. Among his many gifts, most beautiful were that placid temperament which is not easily ruffled, and that buoyancy of spirits which rises superior to every wave of trouble.

Neither will I venture to re-enter that sweet home which he had now formed,* but destined, alas! to be clouded after twelve short years. During a few of those years I was associated with him in the College, and it was my privilege, also, to share almost daily in the light which then shone in his dwelling. My own family circle, like his, was yet unbroken, and there comes back the image of another, an early friend of both members of that happy household, who mingled in its scenes of domestic and social enjoyment.

“ Oh ! these are voices of the Past,
 Links of a broken chain,
 Wings that can bear me back to times
 Which cannot come again ;
 Yet God forbid that I should lose
 The echoes that remain.”

Upon Dr. Totten's resignation, Dr. (now Bishop) Williams was called to the presidency, who was succeeded by Dr. Goodwin. Under both these gentlemen, Professor Jackson continued in his place, and with them both his relations were of the most cordial kind. But we can imagine the peculiar happiness of a heart like his during the five years when he, who had been his companion and bosom friend in earlier days,

* Married, April 27, 1841, to Miss Emily Ellsworth, daughter of the late Governor Ellsworth. Of the two children from that union, one survives—Mrs. Philip Norborne Nicholas, of Geneva, N. Y.

presided over the Institution which had first knit their lives together.

At that time, as well as before and after, there were other sources of enjoyment in Hartford. It was the residence of some choice intellects who, with those at the College, made it the centre of a considerable literary and ecclesiastical circle. Among these was one in whom Professor Jackson found a genial spirit; and between them sprung up an acquaintance which ripened into a most beautiful friendship. It began on the day when he, who was soon after called to be Rector of St. John's, came to deliver in this Church his memorable poem, "Athanasion;" and it continued, with uninterrupted devotion, through all their after separations and changes in life. When the last parting came, there was no more sincere mourner than he, who can best tell us what that bond was.

"It is three and thirty years," wrote Bishop Coxe to me the other day, "since my intimate friendship with Dr. Jackson was formed, when I found myself in his daily society at Hartford. This friendship was soon strengthened by common ties; Bishop Williams and yourself being endeared to us both, and forming with us a brotherhood of Christians of the primitive sort. In a corresponding and very intimate circle, we bore most cherished relations with the profoundly learned Dr. Jarvis, to whom we all deferred as to a Gamaliel; with Dr. Burgess, afterwards the holy and well-cultivated Bishop of Maine; with Dr. William Croswell, the saintly poet and priest; and, at a somewhat later period, with Dr. Coit, the scholar and critic, and with Dr. Chauncey, associated in all our minds with 'whatsoever things are pure, and lovely, and of

good report.' It is not often that such brotherhoods can be formed in our land of scatterings and of changes ; it is not often that such friendships endure, and are perpetuated, as these have been, through a whole generation, with no breaks or intermissions save those occasioned by death. I look upon my associations with all these beloved brethren, as among the chief blessings of my life, in such a world of trials and sorrows.

"The Gospel of Christ was the cement of our intercourse ; the Church, in all its historical and dogmatic interests, was the fruitful source of our common joys, anxieties, and efforts ; and we all cherished together the keenest relish for everything relating to the ennobling study of the great divines of the Church of England. Deploring the strange indifference of American scholars and theologians to these elevated pursuits, we were willing to live apart in this little world of our affections, and in the great world of the Catholic Church of Christ, in communion with the mighty dead and with many of its living worthies in many lands. In such a society our dear Jackson bore a noble part. Less enthusiastic than some of us, we called him 'our philosopher,' and we all recognized his clear intellectual penetration into truths of fundamental importance—the base of whatever is well-built in any system of belief, or morals, or worship."

But time was bringing about its changes. The grave closed over some of that circle ; others were summoned away to new fields of labor ; and Professor Jackson was called, in 1858, to be President of Hobart College. For that higher position his previous life

had been an excellent training. And he not only carried to it a ripe scholarship and large experience as a teacher, but he also began at once to give evidence of an administrative talent, for which before he had less occasion, and to which we may now point as one of his greatest gifts. How well he did his work at Geneva, difficult and discouraging as it often was, is attested in a record made at the time of his death by the Faculty, who thus sum up the visible results of his nine years' labor there:—"The Chapel was built, the chaplaincy and two professorships endowed, the Ayrault scholarships founded, the Cobb prizes instituted, and large additions made to the general endowment."

To this may be added that, while at Hobart, he was in the most intimate and confidential relations with Bishop DeLancey, and subsequently with Bishop Coxe, and always very near their right hand. And in the diocese at large, with the laity no less than the clergy, among whom were many of his former pupils from Trinity, he acquired a large influence, which he used for the good of his College and the Church.

With the people of Geneva Dr. Jackson was also a great favorite. Its quiet and refined society was very congenial to his tastes and habits. In it he circulated freely, and found much enjoyment ; while he imparted to it the odor of his own pure and elevated life. His home on the banks of the beautiful Seneca, and now brightened by one from my own dear flock, to whom it had been my privilege to unite him* a few

* Married, September 9, 1856, to Miss Mary Wray Cobb, daughter of the late Frederick Cobb, of Schenectady.

years before, was the abode of simple elegance and Christian hospitality ; and many besides myself will recall, as among the most pleasant hours of life, those passed under that dear roof. Tenderly as Dr. Jackson was attached to Hartford, he ever felt a lingering fondness for Geneva. Often did he revisit it, and many have heard him express a wish, if he should retire from active duty, to spend there the evening of his days. The circumstance of its being the home of his beloved daughter doubtless sweetened that dream.

From these cherished scenes it was hard for Dr. Jackson to tear himself, when, in 1867, he was called back to Trinity. For some time, and for many reasons, he hesitated ; but the claims of his own Alma Mater at length prevailed. Before entering upon his duties as President here, he made another, his second, visit to Europe, this time for the special purpose of examining the schools and colleges, and of learning their methods of instruction and government, that he might be better equipped for the new work which was opening before him.

Before he left Hobart, Columbia College conferred upon him the degree of Doctor of Laws—the same College having made him Doctor in Divinity soon after his election there.

And now we are to contemplate him in the last seven years of his life. He began them under the most favorable circumstances. His election was highly acceptable to the Alumni, who recognized in him, more than in any other man, a bond of union between them and the College. Some of his former colleagues in the Faculty—those well-tried Professors,

Brocklesby and Pyncheon—were still here to welcome him back, and ready to hold up his hands. The people of Hartford and the friends of the Institution elsewhere, who were already familiar with his face and worth, reopened to him their hearts and their confidence. And he came with a well-founded but calm and humble self-consciousness, inspired by previous experience and success, of his ability to meet the general expectations.

These expectations were fully realized. To all who looked on from a distance and had their information chiefly by report, the College, under its new administration, appeared to be increasing in numbers and in reputation as a place of thorough instruction, elevated influences, and constantly rising importance in the Church and country. Others who had opportunities to witness its internal life, saw real work going on, of which Dr. Jackson himself was the prominent example and animating spirit. Without disparagement to his esteemed associates—and, I doubt not, with their concurrence—it may be said that the whole body drew its inspiration largely from him who was its head, or rather its heart. Especially did he feel his pastoral relations to the College; and while these were doubtless exercised in a thousand tender and silent ways which never came to light, there was one result which was very obvious—the more reverent and devout worship of the Chapel. A few months ago—it was the last time I saw the revered President in life—I had the pleasure of being there; and I could not but observe the apparent interest which all the students took in the service. Every voice bore part in the praises, and every knee was humbly bent in prayer—a vast im-

provement, I thought, upon my own College days, and so different from what I have seen or known in similar Institutions.

With that crisis in the history of the College which occurred two years ago, came also the crowning glory of Dr. Jackson's administration. The offer to sell the grounds and buildings and remove to another place, was very tempting. But it involved a formidable undertaking, not very comfortable to the contemplations of those who were settled at their ease. Many of the Alumni were opposed to the change, as it would cut off their associations with the spot where they loved to renew the covenants of their youth. There was much to be said on each side of the question, and it was full of perplexity to all who bore the responsibility. Upon no mind did it weigh more heavily than upon the President's. He deliberated upon it long and anxiously. For a time, I believe, he wavered between the two courses. But at length he came to a conclusion in favor of removal. The Trustees were with him—or, perhaps I should say, he was with them. From that moment he applied himself with a single and earnest heart to the accomplishment of the measure. Twice he went to England—making four times he was abroad—to inspect College buildings and consult architects. A plan was procured, and a site selected; but just as he expected to see the ground broken, and while happy in the prospects now within the horizon of a speedy realization, he was stricken down with sickness. Prayers for his recovery went up from many hearts. Letters came, full of sympathy and of communion with him, through those weary, anxious weeks. How did we all hope that he might

be spared to go on with the important work! He lingered so long that even those nearest to him were deluded into the conviction that the danger was over. But at last the shock came ;

Atque opere in medio defixa relinquit aratra.

Thus passed away, at the very height of his activity and usefulness, *a great Christian Educator*. That one title, as appears to me, expresses better than any other the chief distinction of Dr. Jackson. To few in our own country can it be more fittingly applied ; certainly to none in our own Church. So high did he rank in this respect that, at the last General Convention, he was selected, out of all the scholars and divines in the House of Deputies, as chairman of the important committee on Christian Education.

To this one work Dr. Jackson devoted the whole of his active life. And surely it is the noblest, grandest work in which any man can spend the time and talents which God has given him. It is not inferior to that of the Parish Priest ; nay, like that, it is nothing less than the cure of souls. The world, indeed, takes no such exalted view of education. In the popular sense it is simply to pass a certain number of years in some school of learning, to be carried through the usual curriculum, and to acquire such a measure of knowledge as will entitle its possessor to a degree, and qualify him for some particular course of life. It is to fit this one to be a good business man, and another for some profession, so that in whatever sphere each proposes to move, he may become successful, if not distinguished, among men.

But far more than this is included in the office of

which I am speaking. Even a heathen poet could thus boast of his art:

Torquet ab obscœnis jam nunc sermonibus aurem,
 Mox etiam pectus præceptis format amicis,
 Asperitatis et invidiæ corrector et iræ ;
 Recte facta refert ; orientia tempora notis
 Instruit exemplis ; inopem solatur et ægrum.
 Castis cum pueris ignara puella mariti
 Disceret unde preces, vatem ni Musa dedisset ?
 Poscit opem chorus, et præsentia numina sentit ;
 Cœlestes implorat aquas, docta prece blandus
 Avertit morbos, metuenda pericula pellit.

How much more should this be the high aim of a professed Educator, and especially of a Christian Educator—not only to lead those who come under his instruction in the paths of learning, but also in the paths of morality and virtue ; to see that they grow pure, and noble, and manly ; to form in them habits of prayer, and worship, and useful living. In short, the work is to train a youth, not in any one thing, or for any one occupation or profession, but as a man, *per se*—in his whole nature, moral and spiritual, as well as intellectual. And the object is, not to make every one a Clergyman, but to make every one a good man, a gentleman, and a Christian, in whatever state of life it may please God to call him ; that, in the beautiful language of a prayer used in one of the English Colleges, “he may be a profitable member of the Church and Commonwealth, and, at last, a partaker of the immortal glory of the resurrection.”

For such a high purpose has this College been established, as its name indicates ; and the ideal, I

believe, has been in some measure realized. The endeavor has always been to make the knowledge taught here the handmaid of religion, and each step in its acquisition a step, also, in sound Christian faith, and in purity of life. If the ancient literature of Greece and Rome has been read, it was not for the sake only of the languages in which those classics are written, but that the student might be led to contemplate, by contrast, the better teachings and nobler heroes to be found on the pages of Christian literature. Moral Science has not been taught as distinct from the Ethics of the Bible, but as having its very roots in the revelations and precepts of that sacred volume. And when, in other departments, the laws of nature were the subject of investigation, the student has been made to understand, that "those majestic agencies, which it is given to man only to control and modify, but not to change, are no mere blind, passionless, elemental forces, but the creation and expression of a loving and a living Will"—of a personal God, who is over all, and in whom we live and move and have our being. Add to this the more direct spiritual influences which are at work, and which come from pastoral oversight, from the Morning and Evening Prayer, from the Sunday services, and from that divine viaticum on life's journey, the Supper of the Lord.

This is the kind of education of which Dr. Jackson was the representative and a most efficient promoter—an education, as you see, not simply based on religion, but religious. It shapes the principles, regulates the conduct, and sanctifies the hearts of young men, while it informs and enlarges their minds. And these results depend very much upon the person who has the

direction of such a system. Assisted and nobly supported as he was by those no less Christian-minded than himself, the late President did not lose sight of his own individual office and responsibility. He did not think it enough to be merely a handsome figure-head to the Institution—one whose chief business was to preside at its celebrations, or to talk it up abroad ; but he threw his own daily presence and influence into the work. And, therefore, it was that the students could say at the time of his death, what will be responded to by all who have been educated under him : “ He has been to us a wise, faithful, and patient teacher, a true friend, and a loving pastor. We have been instructed, stayed, and helped by his words ; we have been encouraged and led on by his pure and perfect Christian example. His gentleness of manner added a charm to the wealth and ripeness of his scholarly attainments ; and his life, in all its relations to us, was one whose beauty and nobleness and elevating power will never cease to exert an influence upon our future lives.”

A most prominent characteristic of Dr. Jackson, and one which contributed to make him the successful Christian educator that he became, was *his breadth of intellect and liberal culture*. It is often said that the Clergy are unfit to be at the head of colleges and schools, because they are narrow-minded and contracted in their scholarship and experience ; they live too much in seclusion, and among books ; they are familiar with nothing but theology ; they are strangers to those studies and that knowledge of the world and of the times, without which no man can be a good teacher.

If this objection was ever well founded, there is

little necessity of urging it in these days. The pendulum is swinging in the opposite direction. Many who bear the name of Clergymen are everything more than that. With them a call to the ministry has no more sacredness than a call to be a lawyer, or physician, or merchant. It does not separate them necessarily from secular pursuits. They study theological science and literature less than any other. They scorn the clerical dress and clerical manners, and mix in the world as freely and as jauntily as though they were under no special vows. This is liberal religion and muscular Christianity.

To neither of these extremes did Dr. Jackson incline. He was every inch a Clergyman. He had once been made by the power of the Holy Ghost, in the solemn Laying on of Hands, one of "the ministers of Christ and stewards of the mysteries of God." Nothing could make him forget that. He revered and loved the sacred office, and kept himself in sympathy with the Church and all her movements. He was fond of associating with his brethren in the ministry, and was seldom absent, unless hindered by other engagements, from their gatherings and councils, where his voice was a power, as in the last General Convention. He gave much time to the study of theology, and was more learned in it than many who have reasons for making it a specialty. He was churchly and clerical in his tastes, and habits, and all his ways.

At the same time, Dr. Jackson had none of that stiff and strait-laced manner which disfigures the character and mars the influence of many Christian ministers. He could unbend, when occasion allowed,

with a freedom and playfulness equal to his dignity at other times. His mind took a wide range of thought, and his reading embraced almost every field of learning. He was familiar with modern as well as ancient languages; and at the last General Convention, was appointed one of a Joint Committee to report a version of the Book of Common Prayer in French. His favorite studies, however, especially of late years, were Moral Philosophy and Metaphysics. A course of lectures on Logic, which he had prepared with great care, and often read to his classes, is worthy of being published. While living much among the old authors, he kept up with the times, and acquainted himself with every new development of thought and opinion. One of the most recent and startling speculations of those who are now undermining the foundations of our faith, was met by him in the last production of his pen—"An Essay on the best reasons for believing in the existence of God"—which was read before a clerical association, and received great commendation. He was not confined to any one circle of scholars and thinkers, but mingled freely with others who differed from him, without, however, compromising his own convictions and principles. He was catholic in the popular sense of the word, as being loving and gentle to all; and yet catholic in a higher and truer sense, as expressive of reverence for primitive truth, and well-established doctrine and law.

Of course the students who came within the influence of this generous culture of their President, reaped its benefits. And the College became better known to those without, and was making itself favorably felt among similar institutions, with whose members he

cultivated the most friendly relations. In such estimation had they learned to hold him, that several came to his funeral, and mourned his loss from the brotherhood of science and letters.*

I should omit a very prominent feature in Dr. Jackson's character if I did not also take notice of *his sincerity*. Perhaps I should rather say his purity. But there is little difference in the meaning of the two words. "*Sine cera*," without any of the wax or outer coat in which it is deposited, the honey is expressed from the comb; so a man is sincere, when his affections, principles, professions, and acts are pure and unmixed and unadulterated.

It is a virtue much out of fashion. Of all the evil spirits abroad in the world at this day, insincerity may be said to be the most common and the most dangerous. It not only adheres to individuals, but the baneful influence spreads into all the relations of life. It is corrupting our business and our politics. It makes society artificial and hollow. It blights friendships. It finds its way into religion, making it too often only an outward profession and an empty form.

From this prevalent fault our friend was more free than most men I have known. Of the most feminine purity, and of a refinement of thought and behavior which grew out of it, he was incapable of subterfuge, and scorned all artifice. Frank and outspoken in his opinions and judgments, he did not fall in with every current; and, if those with whom he often differed were not convinced by his arguments, they respected the

* Besides President Van Rensselaer, of Hobart, President Cummings, of Wesleyan University, and ex-President Woolsey, of Yale.

apparent truthfulness and tenderness of his heart. He was very demonstrative. His hand always gave a warm grasp, and kind words flowed freely from his lips. There was an affectionate sympathy in his voice and manner toward every one he met; but none ever found him less friendly than he seemed. He was forward to promise what his heart prompted him to do; and yet he was "ever precise in promise-keeping."

To this personal trait Dr. Jackson owed much of his influence over the young men, who learned to rely on whatever he said and did. It also gave reality to his work. That work was devoid of all false pretences and shams. The instruction and government were honest and true; and the whole College was actually what it appeared to be, and nothing less.

No wonder that, with such qualities of heart, our late President was so generally loved. Few men have held a larger place in the affections of others. He was, in short, a gentleman—a Christian gentleman—like him whom Tennyson portrays under that same grand name, the early friend whom he has immortalized in his verse:

"Not being less, but more than all
The gentleness he seem'd to be,

Best seem'd the thing he was, and joined
Each office of the social hour
To noble manners, as the flower
And native growth of noble mind;

Nor ever narrowness or spite,
Or villain fancy fleeting by,
Drew in the expression of an eye,
Where God and nature met in light."

But I must allude—and it can be only an allusion—to one other aspect of Dr. Jackson's noble character—*his energy and determination*. His life was not one simply of contemplative ease, but also of uncommon activity and vigor. He was awake to every call of duty, and, in whatever he engaged, he worked with his might. No labor was too hard for him to undertake. No difficulties deterred him. Opposition only made him more brave and persistent. He was deliberate in forming his purposes and plans—perhaps much slower than many others; but, when resolved upon any course, he pursued it diligently and pertinaciously to the end. The advancement of years did not check his ardor and laboriousness; and at sixty-three he was apparently as elastic and strong as at twenty-one. It was a rare spectacle, in this age of broken resolutions and half-lived lives, to watch his varied and untiring industry, and his constant advance in knowledge and power down to the very last. His maxim might have been that ascribed to an old saint of Canterbury: “Work as though you would live forever; live as though you would die to-day.”

In this connection, I recall a remark he made to me a few months before his death. It was on his last visit to my rectory, where he spent a quiet Sunday, on his return home from Geneva, after his late Christmas vacation. He brought with him a picture of the proposed College buildings, and pointed out to me the details. After looking at the extensive plans, and hearing his explanations, I said: “But, dear Jackson, neither you nor I can expect to live to see all that accomplished.” “It makes no difference,” was his quick

reply; "I shall do all I can while God gives me life, and then leave the rest to others."

And so he did. That work will be done, though not by himself. Those buildings will yet rise, and on the spot where his imagination loved to picture them. Scholars will fill those walls and walk those grounds. The Triune One will be worshipped in that Chapel, the Holy of Holies of that Christian community, and God's name be honored and His kingdom advanced through that Temple of Learning, that Sanctuary of the Faith. And the noble pile, as it lifts up its towers, will remind those who see it from far or near, of the lamented projector, and witness to his foresight and taste and energetic efforts. And not only will it be his memento, but his symbol also. In its large and generous plans, in its beautiful symmetry and completeness of arrangement, comprehending every idea of a Christian College, and providing every facility for a Christian education, there will be embodied the spirit of *his* well-proportioned and well-rounded character, who labored so lovingly and so zealously for the result, but died without the sight. His grave lies, most fittingly, near the spot, close by Bishop Brownell's, and will be almost within the shadow of his beloved Foundation. He rests from his labors, and his works do follow him.

But how great a void his death has left! When Walter Scott lost a friend of his youth, and was standing by the new-made grave, he said: "I feel as if there would be less sunshine for me from this day forth." The thought was echoed in my own heart when I saw them smooth the turf over our dear Jackson, and I doubt not others have shared the same feeling. A light has been taken from the life of us all. Many

homes, beside my own, will be less bright for his absence. He will be missed at clerical gatherings and Church councils. Without him, Hartford will no longer be what it was to those long accustomed to meet him in its literary and social circles. Without him, the College will seem lonely to those who enjoyed his daily presence and counsels; and to us, perhaps more than all, who come back now and then to Alma Mater, and for so many years have found him here, always to welcome us with his sunny smile, and warm grasp, and kindly words.

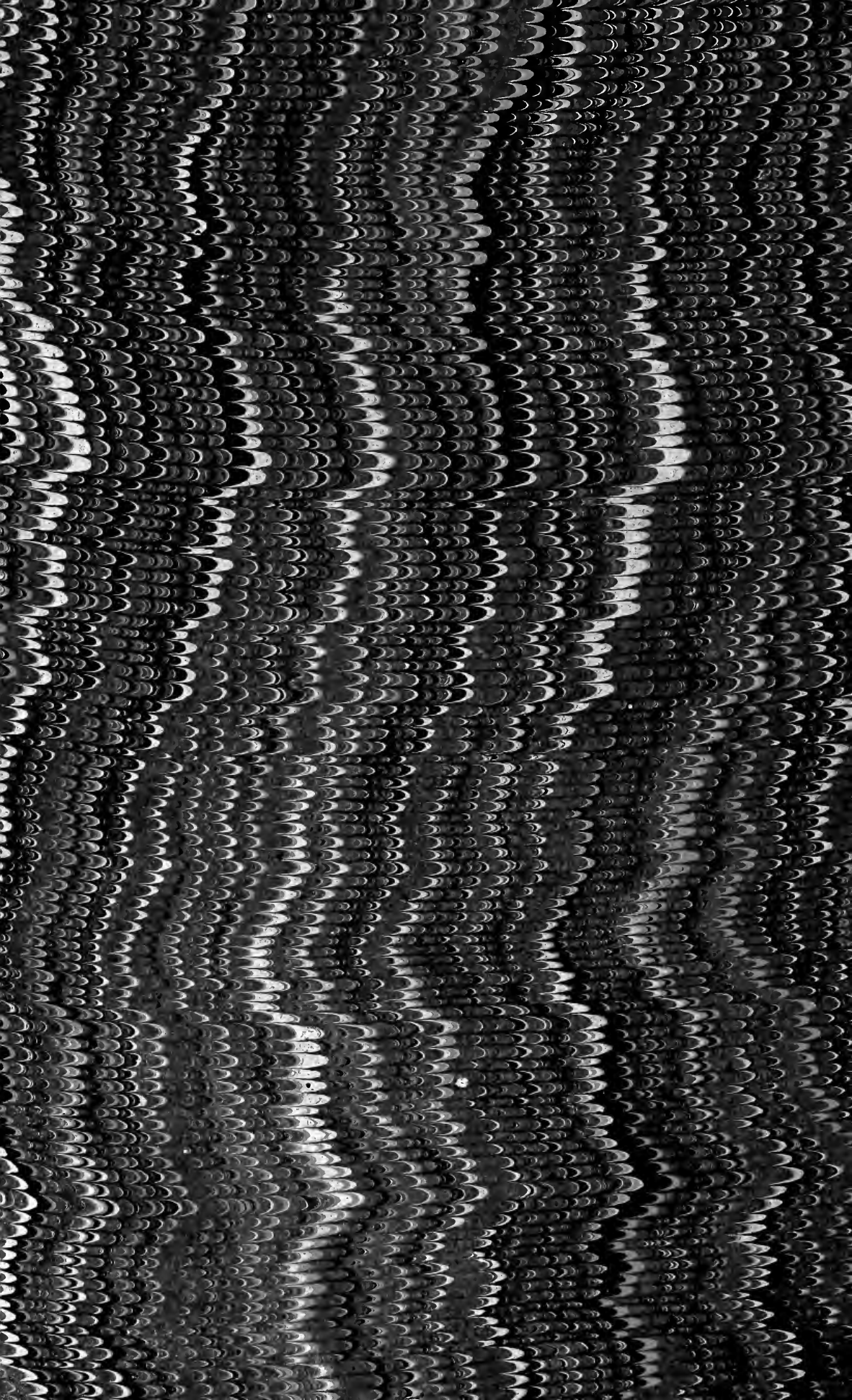
But our consolation is that, though removed from our sight, he still lives among us in the memory of a well-spent life. As the light of the setting sun lingers over the landscape, so do the beams of his good example rest upon our path. It haunts us at every step. It whispers from every scene around us. It cheers us onward to high scholarship and noble living. It animates us to a more earnest pressing forward for the mark of our high calling, and leads us to the better life and happy land.

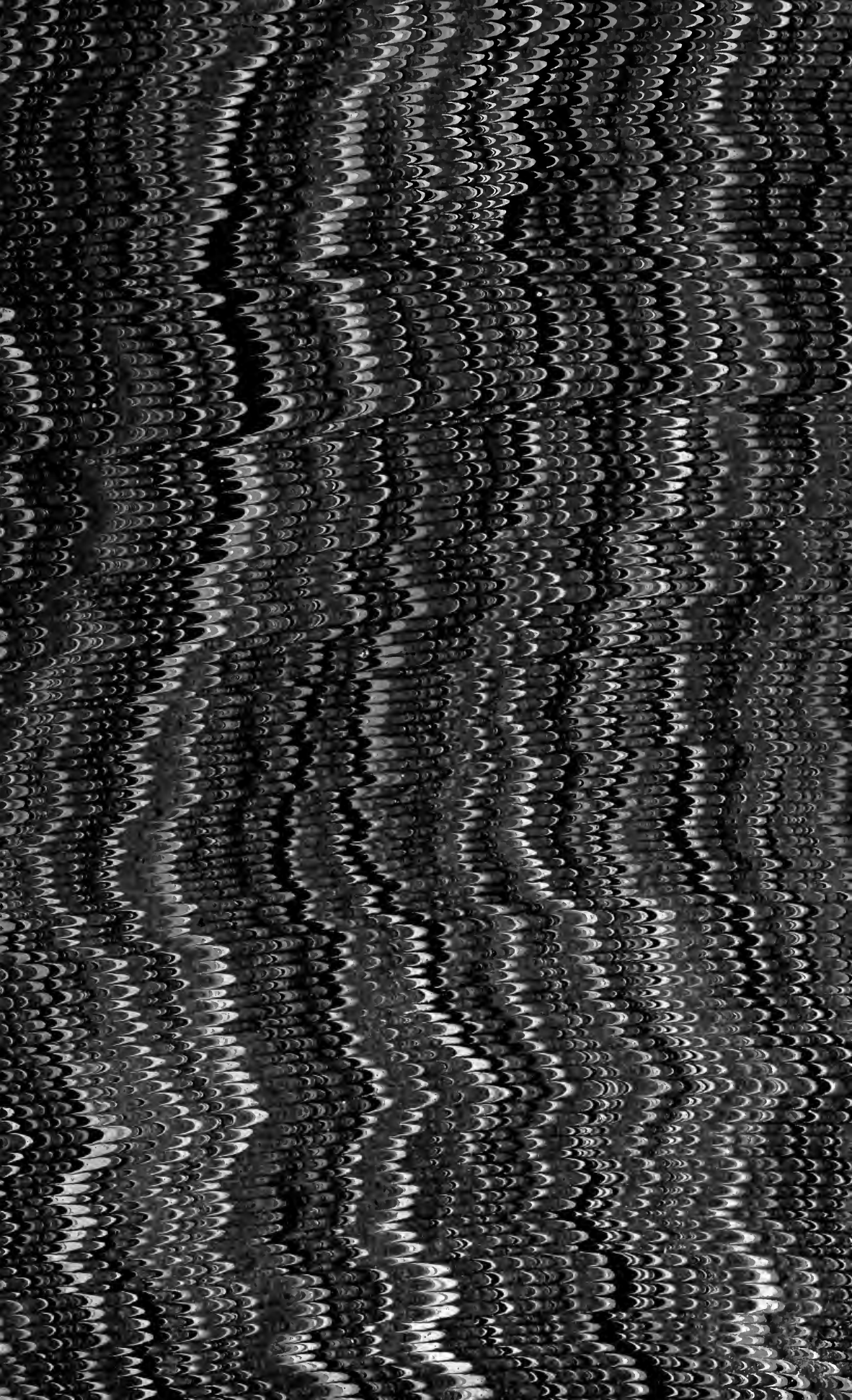
Thither he has gone. Farewell, dear friend, our brother, but not a long farewell. Thank God, not a last one, if only we be found worthy to rejoin so pure and noble a spirit in that Paradise of God, where he now lives more really than we live, and where he surely does not forget us who are still tossed upon "the waves of this troublesome world." May we pass those waves as gallantly and as safely; and may the friendship and communion which ennobled our life below, be eternally prolonged when Christ, our adorable Master, shall "make all things new."














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